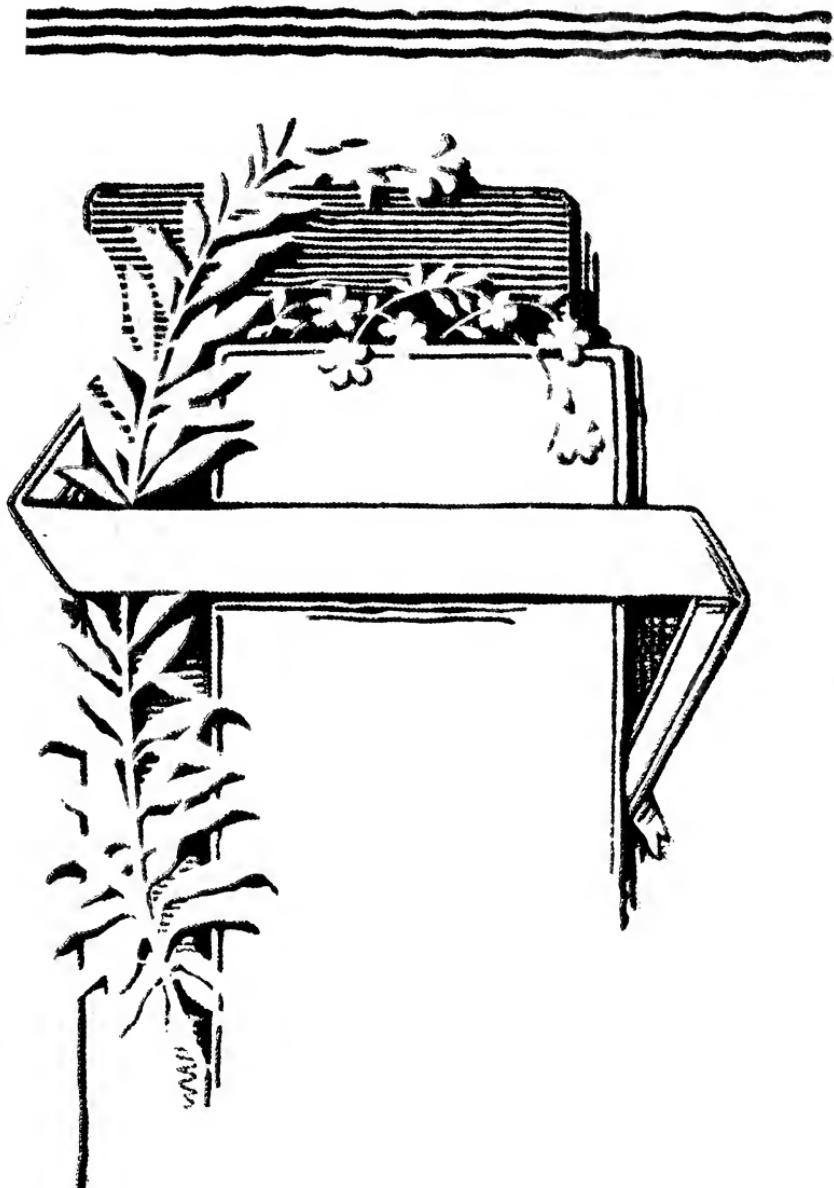


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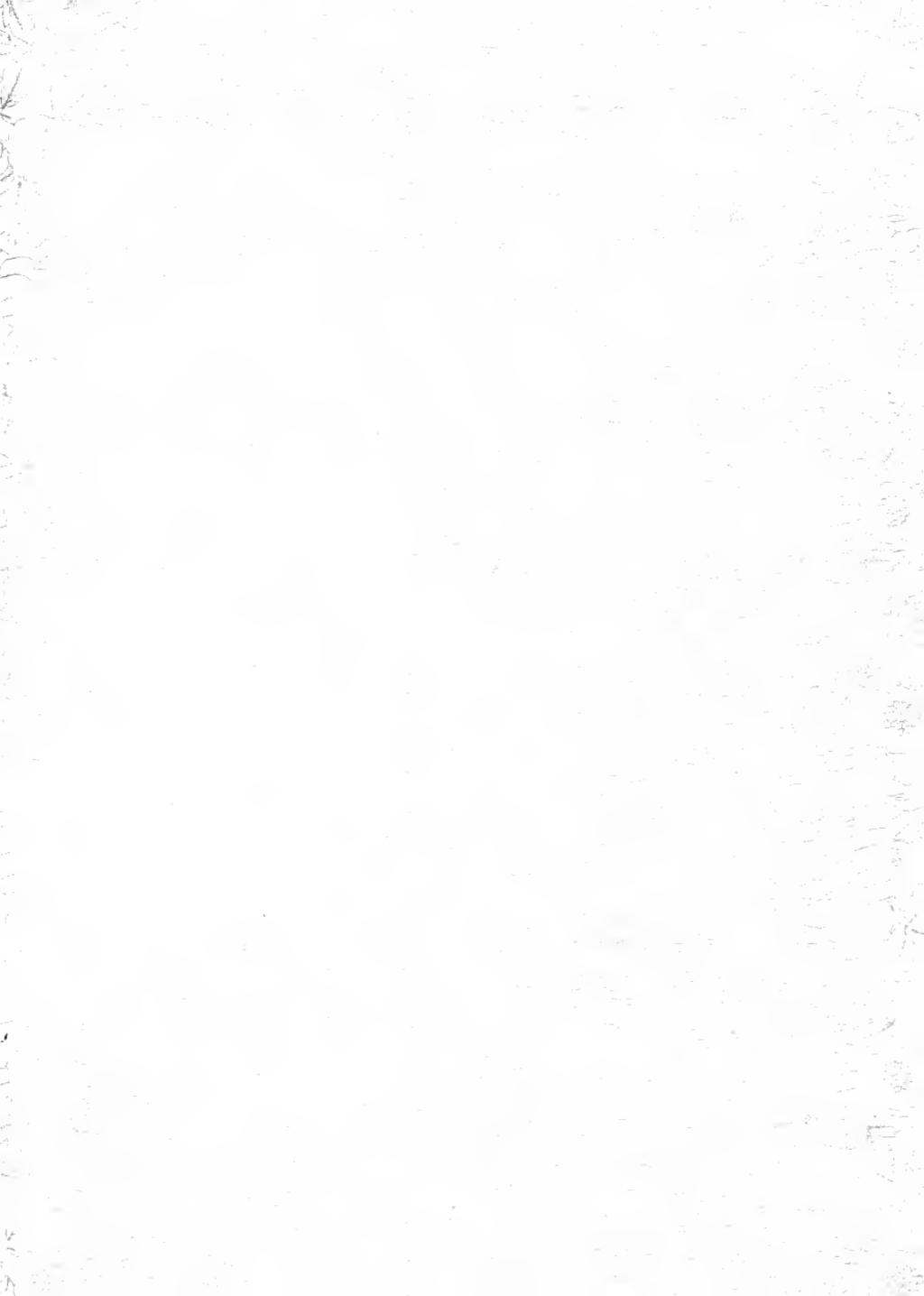


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING,

A POEM,

*Delivered at the Celebration of
THE CENTENNIAL OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.*

New York, April 13th, 1887.

BY

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, S.T.D., LL.D.

(Class of 1861.)



See Page 42, Line 15.

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PREFACE AND DEDICATION.

To the Rev. F. A. P. Barnard, S.T.D., LL.D., L.W.D.,
the Learned and Revered President of Columbia College,
this volume is admirably dedicated.

By his appointment the poem was written and read, as a part of the official festivities in celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the re-chartering of old King's College, New York, and its change of name to Columbia College, by the Legislature of the State of New York, in the year 1787.

As an Essay the author hopes his labor may have some value to his undergraduate friends in his *Alma Mater*,—at least to the Freshmen; although he fears the Rhadamanthine severity of the Sophomores. He only humbly asks that they will not be too hard on him.

As Columbia College occupies but a small space in the work, and that mainly devoted to personages of historic interest to all Americans, the hope is indulged that students of other colleges, and many

young people who have never been to college, may here find something to instruct and interest them.

A word as to the “double” or “feminine” rhymes. Whatever may be said as to the value of rhyme to poetry in general, it is certain that in English didactic verse, designed to be read or recited as a public address, rhyme, and regularity in it, is a very important aid both to the ear and the mind. But the heavy, hammering fall of the strong masculine rhymes of the English heroic couplet is regarded as tiresome by the modern hearer. The author has therefore employed the feminine rhymes in order to give more lightness, grace, and flexibility to the verse, which, in spite of the additional syllable, can be read more fluently and rapidly than the pure iambic pentameter couplet.

The Hymn following the poem was also written by request of President Barnard, to be sung at the celebration, and is inserted here as a proper accompaniment to the longer piece, and as the author's more special tribute to his beloved “*Columbia*.”

G. L. T.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 15, 1887.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

Of LEARNING'S PROGRESS, Learning's schools, and
sages,—

Her march illustrious down the illumined ages,—
Her toils, her martyrdoms, her triumphs glorious,—
Her sway, forever widening and victorious,—
Sing great Calliopé!—if, condescending
To mortal prayer, thine ear is still attending!
If, while chaste Dian's hounds at dawn are baying,
Thy footsteps still o'er Helicon are straying:—
If through the Muses' Grove, while winds are sighing,
The Nine still breathe, to pensive souls replying:—
Then hear, oh hear, my trembling invocation:—
Accept a reverent spirit's pure libation;
And grant, from Hippocrènè's fount, perennial,
One thrilling draught to crown Columbia's high cen-
tennial!

A noble college in a mighty city—
A life of thought and action, wise and witty—

That is the mould that shapes a plastic nation,
The torch that lights the march of civilization ;
And o'er and o'er, since time's untold beginning,
Has Learning shown mankind new worlds for winning,

And led his exodus, with beams benignest,
From savage night, to dawn, and day divinest.

What lore crowned ENOCH's soul, to heaven translated,
Earth's first great seer and bard, "*Th' Initiated*,"
Whose name, walk, words, still speak his high vocation,
Truth's torch between the Deluge and Creation;
Whose beams sublime, across the whelming ocean,
Flash earth's first faith, her solemn, pure devotion ;—
Time's morning star, that warned a world from sinning,
And prophesied earth's end from her beginning.

When first from out the vast diluvian surges
The Orient world on History's sight emerges,
Who taught th' AKKADIAN, long ere the Chaldean,
To map his zodiac on the empyrean ?—
To sheathe his bow, that slew the stag and sparrow,
And stamp his rude speech with his flint-head arrow ?—

'Twas he taught Nimrod's Cushite realm in Shinar,
Whose bricks Chaldean spell a tale diviner
Than Grecian marbles, Egypt's granite glory,—
The wondrous, world-remembered Deluge-story,—
Old ere, from Bactrian heights, the Aryan races
From Ind to Iceland filled earth's fairest places;
Old ere the Vedic hymns and Zend-Avesta
Took different tongues, in time's unmeasured vista.
On him Chaldean, Babylonian, builded;
His pristine forms th' Assyrian carved and gilded;
The powerful Persian graved the chiselled mountain
With symbols borrowed from this far-off fountain;
And tribes he never knew, and conquering nations,
Wrote with his signs new laws and revelations.

What mighty lore, that still mocks time's endeavor,
Erst grew where mystic NILE flows on forever!
What dynasties of kings, and priests, and sages,
Whose sculptured forms o'erlook the wrecks of ages!
Their mummied faces, from oblivion rising,
To-day look forth, a living world surprising,
O'er tracts of time where toiling thought grows
weary,
While populous realms have changed to deserts
dreary,
And lands unknown, from savage darkness springing,
Set all the sounding trumps of Fame a-ringing!

What science reared those works, with toil unbounded,
Where steam and steel both stand to-day confounded?
What art hewed down the rocky promontory,
To shape the giant sphinx, whose dateless story
Past Cheops' years, that History scarce can number,
Goes back to times that in oblivion slumber?
What engineers hid mysteries stupendous
In Cheops' geometric pile tremendous,—
Mechanic, metric, astronomic wonders,
Where all our boasted skill but gropes and blunders?
What rites, traditions, liturgies mysterious,—
What songs of bards, what pontiffs' sway imperious,—
What hoary annals, from man's first migration,—
What soundless, shoreless seas of speculation,—
What dazzling visions, cosmic and theistic,
Illumed and rapt th' Egyptian sage and mystic!
Egypt, the fount, th' abyss, of lore primeval,
Till sunk in sottish shame beyond retrieval!—
The ONE, the Sole, the Infinite, th' Eternal,
Exchanged for dreams, and brutes, and imps infernal!

Now, o'er this earth-lore's fall and wreck colossal,
The heavenly lore sends forth its first apostle,
A soul sublime, whose form still looms prodigious,
Time's mightiest genius, meekest, most religious;

Versed in all Egypt's wisdom, war, and learning,
But grander light than Egypt knew discerning.
When MOSES graduates at Heliopolis,
As senior wrangler of the world's metropolis,—
Master of arts and lore and science founded
Ere Noah's keel on Ararat had grounded,—
Then learns Theology by Sinai's blazing,
What wonder all the centuries still stand gazing !
What wonder serfs and slaves enact a drama
That thrones Jehovah Lord, o'er Phtha and Brahma,
Baal, and Jove, and all the demon rabble
Of godlings born of dark and dreamy babble !
What wonder miracle and learning, blending,
Dazzle all time with glory never ending,
A light beyond eclipse, beyond enhancement,—
The moral landmark of the world's advancement !

See DANIEL, trained in Babylon's royal college,—
The radiant throne of oriental knowledge,—
Then Chancellor, to set all Asia burning
With Zion's lore, beyond the Magi's learning !
E'en Daniel's youth, a monarch's anger braving,—
The forfeit lives of envious rivals saving,—
Or Daniel fall'n, 'mid roaring lions dwelling
While sleepless kings night's lonely hours are telling,
Is nobler, grander far, than Daniel ruling
From Nile to India, had he no such schooling ;—

But sage, seer, viceroy, joined, e'en Zoroaster
Pales in the light of exiled Zion's Master,
Whom Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and Darius,
Through three great reigns obey with reverence
pious.

Great EZRA, Artaxerxes' courtly scholar,—
Doctor, ere old Bologna gave that collar,—
A ready scribe in all the law of heaven,
From Babylon ascends, to Zion given,
Armed with imperial power and proclamation
To rear God's house, and educate a nation.
As editor for God, the first in story,
He crowns the editorial chair with glory.
Inspired to push Jehovah's mighty plan on,
He lays its corner-stone, the Bible canon.
His Bible college, Bible publication,
Convert the city, crown the Restoration,
And fix the beacon date for History's pages,
The chronologic milestone of the ages.

See mighty PAUL, in classic Tarsus nourished,—
Where Grecian arts, 'neath Rome's protection,
flourished,—
Till Zion's lore his powerful mind asserted;—
Then by a lightning-flash from heaven converted!
Damascus, Antioch, heard the new-born teacher;

Asia and Europe owned the matchless preacher ;
Rome, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, resounded ;
Art stood abashed, Philosophy confounded !—
One college preacher shook the whole Aegean,
And routed old Olympus' whole pantheon !
One missionary laid the vast foundation
On which rose conquering Europe's transformation ;
As one to-day, to Pauline faith returning,
With more than solar fires, sets Afric burning !

From city schools and scholars learning rises ;
There minds are trained to grasp earth's grandest
prizes.

There all earth's light is focussed by refraction,
And life and contact fire the soul to action.

See ATHENS, blazing Eye of Greece, whose sages
Have led the march of mind through wondrous
stages !

There all the lore of lands Hellenic blended,
And famous wits from all the world contended.
There Socrates with jest his wisdom seasoned ;
There Plato's soaring soul sublimely reasoned ;
There Aristotle's science scanned creation ;
And Logic owned his mighty legislation ;
There Zeno cramped, and Epicurus festered ;
There muses haunted every grove sequestered ;
There artists carved and painted till earth wondered ;

There poets sung, and oratory thundered ;
There Homer's soul and song were more than native,
For Greece was Homer, living and creative ;—
Whose lyre across the gulf of time resounded,
Till Athens flourished, on his numbers founded ;—
One University, state, city, nation,—
Where but to live was a liberal education.

See ALEXANDRIA's polyglottic mistion,
Greek, Coptic, Syriac, Pagan, Jewish, Christian ;
Ambition's prize, in commerce sole dictator ;
A second Athens, and almost a greater !
A Babylon of schools is her Musæum !
A million volumes crowd her Serapæum,
From plundered Pergamos, where lore was cher-
ished,
And countless conquered towns whose names have
perished !
There fell Philosophy's martyr, fair Hypatia,
Whose murder shamed the Christian's *Dei Gratia* !
There millionaires who learning ne'er promoted
Died in contempt, their costly burials hooted ;
And kings laid by their crowns for nobler pleasures,
The sage's science or the poet's measures.
What schools, what scholars, thronged those
crowded portals
With all the lore that ever busied mortals,—

Hindu and Zend, Persian, Semitic, Coptic,
The frozen Druid, fiery *Æthiopic*,—
All mingled in a vortex transcendental
To make that mystic compound,—Oriental!
This, blent with dreamy Greek, and Roman caustic,
With Jew and Christian, gave the world the *Gnostic*!
The man who logic scorned, whose thoughts were
pæans,
Whose fancies facts, whose deities were æons;
Whose *gnōsis* taught the unseen world such system
That ere he came all heaven must have missed him!
The *Gnostic* knew, and *knowing* soared, elated,—
Before the *Agnostic* wonder was created!
That modern *Æolus*, burst with his own puffing!
Wisdom's stuffed owl, whose stare betrays the
stuffing!

From Eastern climes, with Learning's spring-time
vernal,
Her glory now gilds seven-hilled ROME, eternal;
Not here with orient warmth, nor genius Attic,
But earnest, sober, solid, systematic.
Here Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, the *Trivium*,
In order went before the great *Quadrivium*,
Arithmetic, Geometry, Astronomy,
And ninefold Music; such her schools' economy;
Seven Liberal Arts, from conquered Greece all bor-
rowed,

Who civilized her captor, while she sorrowed ;
And ruled, by teaching Rome, an empire vaster
Than ever owned the Macedonian master.

Lo, *Rome's Augustan Age* ! A dazzling focus
Of mind and power ! An ice-dissolving crocus,
That burst Rome's frozen soil in light ethereal,
And led the summer of her reign imperial
Here Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Lucretius,
Ruled epic, ode, and satire's lash facetious,
Or taught great Nature's laws with zeal profounder
Than atoms gained in any Greek expounder.
Here Tully stood alone in oratory,
Sole rival of the great Athenian's glory.
Here Cæsar, Sallust, Tacitus, and Livy,
And Pliny, to all Nature's secrets privy,—
Who fell by dread Vesuvius' jealous arrow,—
Met "Moral Seneca," and "Learned Varro."
Here Plato's Grove and Ptolemy's Muæsum
Were blent, in great Vespasian's Athanæum,
Where knights and princes hung on great Quintilian,
Longinus' master, Rome's supreme civilian,
Till Paulus, Ulpian, and great Papinian
In Jurisprudence pioneered Justinian.
Immortal Rome ! Earth's soldier, ruler, lawyer !
How vast her fall ! Success her great destroyer :
A world o'erthrown, like Dagon's temple, pouring
To crush its Samson, past all time's restoring !

CONSTANTINOPLE, next, was Learning's center,
Where commerce, arms, and empire bade her enter;
Where Christian lore, on Grecian culture founded,
Beyond all dreams of Greece or Rome abounded.
There schools, and colleges, and congregations
Of scholars gathered from a score of nations.
There every tongue was taught, and art, and science,
By names that bid oblivion defiance.
There soared that matchless dome, almost supernal,
To Saint Sophia, Wisdom the Eternal;
Not named for Paul or Peter, John or Stephen,
Michael, or Gabriel, or the host of heaven,
But that divine Intelligence, whose token,
This mind-ruled cosmos, stands from one word
spoken.

Constantinople! Christian learning's Mecca!
A well where Science served, as erst Rebecca!
While Europe groped in darkness mediæval,
Till Luther's faith—and ink-pot!—smote the Devil,—
While Rome lay whelmed 'neath barbarism's moun-
tain,—

The Golden Horn was civilization's fountain!
The fierce Crusader, by the East enlightened,
Brought home a beam with which all Europe bright-
ened;
And Northern Italy, Europe's dazzling Phosphorus,
Was lit by conquering Venice from the Bosphorus,

And bade that wondrous *thirteenth century* waken,—
The mightiest stride old Time till then had taken!

While fiery Persian, Saracen, and Tartar,
Around her ramparts strove for empire's charter,—
'Mid hordes of Huns and Avars, Goths, Sarmatians,
That whelmed the world like ocean inundations,
Byzantium stood, as on old chaos' border,—
Th' impregnable stronghold of light and order!
Her great Justinian's code still lies like granite
Beneath all modern law that rules this planet,—
The fadeless monument of great Tribonian,—
Whose genius, lore, and greed, were all Baconian!
Her prudent Narses, valiant Belisarius,
Upheld her arms through conflicts vast and various,
Her Christian missions made Ceylon her neighbor,
And brought from far Cathay, the silkworms' labor.
Her *homos* and *homoios* still draw quota
From Learning's hosts, to fight o'er one *tota*,—
Christology's great conflict, none fought better,—
Error's long battle for her shortest letter!

A thousand years she stood, through storms incessant,

Before the cross went down beneath the crescent!
Her siege, that ancient battering-rams began on,
Was finished 'mid the roar of modern cannon;
And when she fell,—Antiquity expiring,—
Her funeral pyre ten thousand torches firing,—

The Western world, that hailed her exiled sages,
Began the mighty march of modern ages !

What though from Spain to Samarcand, unbroken,
The Moslem's creed, through lands and tongues
was spoken ?

What though from Còrdová, and vast Sahara,
Through Egypt, India, Persia, and Bokhara,
From Sultan down to Sheik, and shoe-clout lowly,
Arabia's lore, alone, was prized and holy ?

E'en thus was Greek Minerva's realm extended,
For Grecian lore with Cross and Koran blended.
Arabia's sword the Christian's creed might throttle,
But e'en Arabia bowed to Aristotle !—

Nay, *taught* him to the Goth, the Frank, the Briton,
Ere Europe read the tongue the sage had written !
She brought from India those miraculous midgets,—
The algebraic symbols, and the digits.

Her Avicenna, born by Oxus' river,—
Her sage Averrhoes, from the Guadalquivir,—
Five hundred years taught Europe Healing's canon,
The one,—the other, Logic's great Organon.

O'erwhelmed at Tours, from Andalusia banished,
The Saracen from Europe's culture vanished !
The year that gave to Spain a new world's splendor,
Beheld Granada's thousand towers surrender ;—
The Moor's weird empire, eight long centuries rear-
ing,

A magic realm, dissolving,—disappearing!—
Gone like a vision!—Yet the Alhambra lingers,
To fade and crumble 'neath Time's hallowing fin-
gers;—

A dream in stone!—A song in alabaster!—
A marble poem, by a wizard master!

Ring out the Past! Ring in its grander rival!
Lo, Europe stirs with Learning's great revival!
From cloisters dim, where mumbling monks had
slumbered,

Rise classic schools, and colleges unnumbered;
And Attic Greek, that fled the Moslem's matin,
In turn drives out the barbarous monkish Latin,
Till Eastern lore, with Western vigor blending,
Blooms in a resurrection all-transcending!—

Constantinople's nobler incarnation!—

A grander than the Hindu's transmigration!

The ancient universities, whose splendors

Gird Learning's throne, her world-renowned defend-
ers,—

Whose light 'mid Europe's darkness paled and
dwindled,—

Now shine once more, like morning stars rekindled;
And later schools, like constellations, rising
Illume the world with radiance still surprising.

Hail, old SALERNUM! medicine's restorer!
Spring from Casino's cloistered mountain, o'er her!

Europe's first University ! Where centered
Jew, Moslem, Christian, all as equals entered !
Here Galen and Hippocrates, translated,
Man's reverence for his body re-instated.
Here *Constantine*, from Spain to India famous,—
More travelled than Pythagoras of Samos,—
Who Egypt's, Bagdad's, Babylon's schools had
sounded.—

The medic lore of East and West expounded,
Till Europe, Asia, Africa, came kneeling
To proud Salernum for the Art of Healing.
Her fame for centuries eclipsed all others ;
And *Woman* here, taught, practiced, with her
brothers.

BOLOGNA, next, arose to fame imperious,
Where *Jurisprudence* reigned with great *Irnerius*.
“*Mother of Laws*”—All Europe sought her portal,
By one transcendent genius made immortal !—
O'er whom Tribonian's shade inspiring hovered,
Till great Justinian's code was re-discovered ;—
His Institutes and Pandects all unfolded ;—
And one *Irnerius* Europe's law remoulded !

Lo, ancient PARIS dawns, renowned !—the pregnant
“*Mother of Universities*” ! Queen regnant !

From schools of mighty Charlemagne descended,—
Three centuries' fruits at last in *Paris* blended!
First William of Champeaux her fame exalted,
Till in great ABELARD to heaven it vaulted,—
Mind's century-plant 'mid sorrow's midnight bloom-
ing!—

Philosophy Theology illumining!—
Reason and Faith, by genius all-inspiring,
Fused in an eloquence all Europe firing!
Thus Paris rose. In youth great Albert sought
her;—

Angelic Thomas deathless glory brought her;—
Her Sorbonne's great decrees, by kings respected,
The rights of thought, the rights of thrones, pro-
tected,—

Umpire sublime 'twixt creeds, and crowns, and
writers,—

The Areopagus of swords and miters!—
The “Sinai of the West”! Here *Peter Lombard*
Proclaimed more “Sentences” than Moses num-
bered;

And forged the schoolman's chains, all Europe bind-
ing

In Aristotle's mill, like Samson grinding,
Till Oxford's *Occam*, Logic's bounds exploring,
Bade Faith soar free, 'mid unseen worlds adoring!—

One giant blow the schoolmen's fabric crumbled ;—
Its barren splendors to oblivion tumbled !

Hail VENERABLE OXFORD ! England's glory !—
Oxford where Alfred's legend lingers hoary !—
Where emulous kings have opened wells Pierian,
Through Norman, Tudor, Stuart, Hanoverian ;
And centuries have reared, with toil unceasing,
Mind's noblest monuments, for aye increasing !
Here old Saint Frideswyde stood, where monks were
chanting

While Alfred Anglo-Saxon lore was planting.

Here *Creathead*, bishop, patriot, scholar, teacher,—
The generous humanist,—the powerful preacher,—
Reformer, legislator, sage, and brother,
Was Oxford's founder more than any other.

Here *Roger* taught Induction's great arcanum,
Three centuries ere *Francis' New Organum*.

Here keen Duns Scotus proved existence *real*,
Despite Aquinas' Platonist *ideal* ;
And trained invincible *Occam's* mind, that shattered
The schoolmen's fabric,—like a vapor scattered !

Here exiled Dante far from Florence wandered,
While time's sublimest trilogy he pondered.

Here godly *Wickliff* wrote his great translation,
The "Morning Star" of Europe's Reformation.

Here sturdy Hampden,—Sidney learned and
knightly,—

Freedom's twin pole-stars, shine forever brightly.
Here Hale and Blackstone Law's dread scepter
wielded—
When *guilt* was *doomed*, and *innocence* was
shielded!—
But ah! When Hale burned witches,—though in
sadness,
Who then shall chide our younger England's mad-
ness!
Here gifted More, like Plato of Cecropia,
Wrought out his New Atlantis, famed Utopia.
Here Hobbes and Locke, in Hume through Berke-
ley landing,
Confound what they explain, man's understanding!—
If sense is *all*, then being is sensation,
Life is a phantasm, death annihilation!
Mind, soul, are figments,—thought is fermentation,—
God, heaven, and hell, are figures of oration!
Religion, miracle, are frauds and errors,—
Materialism is true, with all its terrors!
Preachers and moralists are rhetoricians,
And atheists the only sound logicians!
The ethic rule is sharp utilitarian,
And man the prince of brutes,—a bright barbarian!
All rights are his who proves in fight the strongest,
The most relentless, or who lives the longest!
All fare alike, who die of martyr frenzy,

Or hangman's rope!—of shame, or influenza!
The universe is all one mill of matter,—
That grinds itself!—Its only grist the clatter!
And *Mill*, this “vacuum process” grandly clothing,
Grinds nothing, out of nothing, back to nothing!
Not so thought *Boyle*, whose life to Truth was given;
Nor *WESLEY*, called to point the world to heaven,—
Whom Oxford praised, then drove from her pavil-
ions,—
To-day her grandest name for growing millions!—
Her “*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*,”
Through one great graduate made the world's idea!

But *CAMBRIDGE*?—shall proud Oxford's fame,
o'ershading,
Obscure *her* laurels, deathless and unfading?—
Her age, from Saxon Croyland's abbey dated?
Her glorious line of worthies venerated?
Heirs of Northumbria's saints from old Iona—
Renowned and loved beyond the Druid's Mona!—
Of Cædmon, Bæda, heirs, whose lyre and story
First gave our English tongue the muses' glory?—
Nay, Cambridge, Mother of free thought and mar-
tyrs,
Outshines all courtly pomps, and knightly garters!
Her Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Rowland Taylor,
With England's holiest martyr-fires empale her!

Her Jeremy Taylor, from the martyr reaching,
Still reigns, the Chrysostom of English preaching!
Her Cromwell stands, old England's stoutest spirit
Whose wholesome dread all tyrants still inherit!
Her Bacon shines, the sun of civilization,—
A sun with spots!—like that which rules creation!
Her Newton, born a quart cup not o'erspilling,
Still more and more the universe is filling;—
The Genie in the vial, of old fable,
Uncorked, to grasp the constellations able!
Her Cudworth Hobbe's Leviathan confuted.
Her Porson's Greek with Greeks the palm disputed.
She gave us stately Dryden, Byron blazing,—
And flogged sublime John Milton!—tale amazing!—
Oxford despair! stern Fate thy fame is clogging!
Time gave but one John Milton for a flogging!

How vast the shock dead Europe's slumber shaking,—
Her midnight gloom to mental morn awaking!
What schools, renowned, like stars, that dawn attended,
Whose cross-fires in a blaze of glory blended!
Spain's Salamanca, Portugal's Coimbra,—
Where fell the Moor, as Crœsus fell at Thymbra!
Pavia, where, with school-boy tribulation,
Columbus learned his wondrous navigation!

Naples and Pàdua, Pisa, Rome, Siena,
And,—next in breadth to Paris,—old Vienna !
Prague, whose Jerome and Huss defied Rome's
frowning,
Bohemia's name with martyr glory crowning !
Revered old Heidelberg, whose half-millennial
Has stirred the schools to many a young centennial ;
Where Lutheran and Calvinist contended,
Till in her catechism both were blended !
Leipsic, that gave us Goethe, Klopstock, Schiller,
The Schlegels, Fichte, Mendelssohn, and Hiller ;
Where Luther routed Eck,—a famed rehearsal,—
And Leibnitz rose to genius universal !—
Then, too, 'rose Sweden's glory, old Upsala,
On hoary shrines of Odin and Valhalla ;—
She guards her precious *codex argentus*,
And Botany was born with her Linnæus !
Antwerp piles Acts of Saints on old John Bolland ;
But Leyden shines, the light of free-born Holland,
Where Europe's Boerhaave, Scaliger precocious,
Join fame with great Arminius and Grotius,
Who freed theology from logic's fetter,
And gave man's will a broader scope, and better.
Scotch Glasgow nursed John Knox, whose righteous
thunder
Shook fair, frail Mary's soul with awe and wonder !
Geneva Calvin boasts, Fate's legislator,

Divine and scholar, magistrate, dictator;
A saint in life, a prodigy of learning,
But from whose iron creed the world is turning.
Copernicus, the Struvés, Dorpat's trio,
Illustrious stand with Pisa's Galileo;
And Konigsberg defies time's farthest season
To obsolete her Kant's Critique of Reason!
Dead Wittemberg's unchallengeable sanction
For deathless fame, is Luther and Melancthon.
A new world dawned with her immortal theses,
An age whose splendor evermore increases;
The giant era of the Reformation
That wrought the modern world's emancipation,
And launched the mind of man relumed, and bounding
Along a new career, all time astounding!
Erasmus, Rotterdam's renowned misnomer,
Claimed by all schools, and cities more than Homer,—
Himself an University concentered,—
He helped the New Life's dawn, but never entered!
He seemed a central sun, supreme and chosen,
But shrank to a far-off planet, faint and frozen;
For souls that dare not *act* the truth they cherish,
Despite all light, all lore, can only perish!

Lo, now, 'mid wakening Europe's strong commotion,
A NEW WORLD dawns beyond the Western ocean!

A continent, engulfed, forgotten, perished,
Or only in oblivion's legend cherished,
Looms from its mists once more on mortal vision,—
Hesperides restored! The Fields Elysian!
Hail! Old Fu-sang! By China roamed and written,
Ere at Chalons Attila's Huns were smitten!
Where schools and shrines the Boodhist's zeal re-
warded,—

In China's hoary Year-Books all recorded!
Here, too, came Erin's Brendan, westward sailing
A thousand years ago, with faith unfailing,
And found a mighty land; and, home returning,
Told a strange tale, that set all Clonfert burning!
Here Iceland's sea-kings colonized and planted;
And Cambrian Madog came, as bards have chanted.
Here old tradition, new-born science, pointed,
Till genius led the way, by heaven anointed,
And great Columbus came! Old Earth, astounded,
Doubled her size! and Europe gazed, confounded!

Then, not on ruins of the lost Atlantis,—
O'erwhelmed ere Solon sought th' Egyptian mantis;
Nor where Copan, Palenque, Mitla, dying,
Left lonely, rune-carved piles, time's lore defying;
But on the North's free hills, and plains unbounded,
Behold earth's last and noblest empire founded!
Here great new realms, and states, and cities flourish,

Beyond the power of worn-out lands to nourish !
Here time's last progeny, a brood of Titans,
Rise from the deep like Neptune's sea-born Tritons !
From earth's best races sprung, in time's best ages,
Whose moral ardor in their offspring rages,
'Mid throb and thunder as of fiery forges,
Where Cyclops sweats 'neath Etna's glowing
gorges,
A new mankind is born, beyond the olden !
Earth's Iron ages wheel into the Golden !

The GOLDEN AGE OF LEARNING ! Lo, a nation
Whose corner-stones are Freedom, Education ;—
Whose poorest child, at public charge may enter
The realm of knowledge, to its radiant center ;
And claim that heritage of science clearly,
By centuries of sages bought so dearly !

Behold a land where every grade and bevel
Of old-world caste, has reached one glorious level ;—
Not levelling *down* the swiftest to the slowest,
But levelling *up* the humblest and the lowest !
A land that knows no monarch, and no peasant,
Whose creed is God and Freedom, ever present ;
Where aristocracy is virtuous talent,
And knights and nobles are for right the gallant ;
Where gifts and honors wait the honest winning
Of high or low alike, from life's beginning ;

Where millionaires are born amid the masses,
And he's a snob who prates of "upper classes,"
And he's a knave, a pirate, who'd inherit
Wages or worlds, by might, and not by merit!

In such a land, of Freedom, virtue, knowledge,
Lo, Learning's lighthouse looms once more, *the
College!*

Beside the infant nation's cradle shining,
To light her on to greatness past divining!

OLD HARVARD first, New England's proud reliance,
Rose, strong in non-conformity and science;
Like Cambridge o'er the sea, her model older,—
In Song and speculation scarcely bolder!
America's first school! Here Eliot, sainted,
Erst taught his Indian sachems, plumed and painted;
And printed God's great word, in tongues now
deader

Than Zend or Sanscrit! Such the zeal that led her
To save those mystic tribes, so soon to vanish,
Whose tragic memory Time can never banish!

Illustrious Harvard! on her seal engraving
Her "*Christo et Ecclesiae*,"—serving, saving!—
In this new world she stood Truth's shield and
warder,
In triune faith and missionary ardor.
Oh, had she kept her Pilgrim founders' station

On that first simple and sublime foundation,
Her “Christ” had still been “one with God the
Father,”—

And not a baptized Gnostic *Æon*, rather!
We hail her proud array of names transcendent,
And greet her jubilee, with joy resplendent:
Her orator, who abhors a style bombastic,
But courts the polished, brilliant, and sarcastic:—
His name, his work, where English breathes re-
spected—

To serve his country before kings selected:—
Her bard, whose pungent pen, not quill nor metal,
Was cut and sharpened from a Boston nettle;
And though he sings with wit, and classic graces,
His guests and hearers twinge, and make wry faces!

A long half-century passed ere Learning’s pinion,
Next Harvard, sought Virginia’s “Old Dominion”—
WILLIAM-AND-MARY there her touch created,
The South’s first college,—not renownless fated;—
Mother of Presidents! whose constellation
Of starry names shone o’er the infant nation,—
Emblazoned high on Freedom’s deathless roll-call,—
Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Marshall;—
The Randolphs, Tylers, known to fame’s recorder,—
And old Phi Beta Kappa’s glorious order!

Next, honored YALE, by pilgrims' grandsons founded,

Deserves her fame, by civilization bounded.

A sturdy fort she stands, since "seventeen hundred,"

Whence Puritan artillery oft has thundered;—

New England's stern but earnest "orthodoxy"

That neither goes to heaven nor hell by proxy!

There giant EDWAI DS' youthful genius budded;—

There Bellamy, Backus, Hopkins, Emmons, studied;—

There Dwight and Silliman taught, and Taylor's ardor

Thawed Old New England's creed, than granite harder,

Till, 'spite foreordination, the "New Divinity,"

To Methodist fire revealed its sure affinity.

Honor to Yale,—our Johnsons, twain, she bore us,
And BARNARD'S world-wide mind, still ruling o'er us;—

Our Philips, they,—and he our Alexander,

Whose conquests build Columbia trebly grander!

NEW JERSEY, next, on Calvin's rugged logic,
Arose to wield the scepter pedagogic:

From quaint "Log College" sprung, a fabric lowly,
But crowned with Tennent's genius, learned and holy.
Thence, throned at Nassau Hall, through night cimmerian,

Her torch blazed forth to guide the Presbyterian.
Her noble Witherspoon, from Knox descended,
The scholar, patriot, legislator blended.
Her patriot Rush, dread Alcohol's expounder,
Great Temperance claims,—her scientific founder.
Here Madison, o'er midnight oil industrious,
Became Montpelier's sage, a name illustrious.
And here, escaped New England's persecution,
Great Edwards crowned an epoch's evolution,—
Man's intellectual climax of endeavor
To fathom God—Unfathomable forever !
Ulysses' bow, with Kant and Leibnitz trying,—
And th' Infinite the finite still defying !
Twin-born in years with Wesley!—Which is
greater?
The Polyphemus?—or the Re-creator?

Hail, now, the goal where our long march is turn-
ing !
Hail, old KING'S COLLEGE ! Homestead of our
yearning !
Columbia's *Arya Varta* pre-historic !
England's Corinthian shaft on Holland's Doric !
Hindered, while half a century wrangled, bartered,—
At last America's fifth school was chartered
By royal George's bounty, broad, unscanted,
And Learning's shrine by Hudson's shore was
planted.

Not like the Puritan's unanimous region,
Manhattan's soil!—Opinions here were legion.
Not like Virginia, Anglican and steady,—
New York was Cosmopolitan already!
Here English, Dutch and Huguenot, and German,
Owned no decretal, pontiff, pact, or firman;
Till mingling forces, long in strife contending,
Were joined at last, in old King's College blending,
That rose, a sun from chaos, orbed and beaming,—
Its radiance from a continent's capital streaming!

Hail! forms revered, that prayed and toiled to
 found her!
Hail! Glorious names! a galaxy around her!
Stoop from the skies, ye shades that o'er her cluster!
And answer Aye! to Fame's immortal muster!
They come! Old England's crown and signet o'er
 them,
And Canterbury's crozier gleams before them!
Colonial governors, councillors, and judges,—
Royalists staunch, provincials with their grudges!—
Mayors, attorneys, treasurers, secretaries,
Manhattan's magnates, city functionaries,
The college presidents, the senior pastors,
These were our chartered *ex-officio* masters.
Then came our great trustees, elect and chosen,—
In powdered wigs and silver-buckled hosen;—

The courtly Livingstons, Verplancks, DeLanceys,—
Leaders in worthy deeds, or Fashion's fancies;—
The Beekmans, Murrays, Lispenards, Earl Stirling,—
Whose charge at Monmouth sent the Briton whirling!

Duane, Provoost, the Waltons, Pells, and Masons;
The Kings, and Moores, and Morrises, and Creigh-
tons;
The Jays, and Ogdens, Troups, and Laights; the
Astor—

Enriched by royal sables, seals, and castors!—
The Dixes, Potters, Rutherford, and Ruggles,
Columbia's long-tried friends through toils and
struggles;

The Hobarts, Hoffmans, Harpers, Fishes, Duers,—
Columbia's patriarch founders and renewers,—
New York's old names in traffic, lore, invention,
And scores besides as proud, the muse despairs to
mention.

Hail venerable JOHNSON! Sage and Founder,
Kinsman and namesake of the great expounder
Of England's tongue and learning! Grave and
“clerkly,”—

The friend of Burnet, Franklin, Secker, Berkeley,—
First President of King's!—His learned sedateness
Lacked only genius' fire to seal his greatness.

Next came *Myles Cooper*, Oxford's classic scholar,
Renowned alike for learning, wit, and choler !
The humanist, the orator and poet,
The Tory, too, and cared not who should know it.
But young America for Freedom shouted,
And HAMILTON's bold pen his teacher's routed ;
And yet his master's form the youth defended,
When, in one night, his presidency ended !
Along Broadway the wrathful freemen pouring,
Burst on the classic hall like tempest roaring !
Then, while in front harangued his young protector,
From bed and back door leaped the frightened
rector !

He "stopped not on the manner" of his hieing,
But cleared the college fence, with truce-flag flying !
"Retired" !—the ancient roster prints it, shrewdly !
He *did* !—while round him brick-bats hurtled rudely !
He made good time ! That record were a stunner
To any peeled and greased Olympic runner !
E'en fiery Pegasus, that flying pacer,
Had brok'n his wind, if matched with such a racer !
Thus through the solemn midnight's shadows dreary
Flitted our Tory *Prox*, a specter eerie,
Till, like a classic god, in garments scanty,
He found, by Hudson's shore, a friendly shanty !
Across the sea the Briton's frigate bore him,
And left the New World's muses laughing o'er him !

Lo, now, a strife two worlds with thunder shaking,
While new-born Hercules his bonds is breaking!—
The anguish, agony, and revolution
That gave us freedom, rights, and constitution!
Behold King's College closed! The haunt of muses
A patriot barrack for the nation's uses!
Her sons divided,—most with Freedom siding,—
Names crowned with glory evermore abiding!
Her gallant soldiers rise, Ritzema fearless,
Dunscomb, and Troup, Van Courtlandt pure and
peerless;
Willett, the “Liberty Boys,” heroic leader,
Who held Fort Stanwix 'gainst the doom decreed
her;
And o'er her walls the stars and stripes first flying;
Piled Briton, Tory, Indian, 'neath them dying;
And crushed Burgoyne's right wing, and foiled inva-
sion,
Till Saratoga's splendor saved the nation!
Provoost, the reverend patriot, scholar, writer,
Who wore, with peace, a bishop's stainless miter;—
Benson, sage, jurist, regent, legislator,
Whom Andre's captors own their vindicator;—
Gouverneur Morris, diplomat far-seeing,
Statesman, sage, orator, in one agreeing;—
Great Chancellor Livingston, whose mind sagacious
Acquired Louisiana's empire spacious,—

Doubling, and more, his country's territory,—
A deed, to crown his name with quenchless glory !
Nor this alone, but Fulton's genius aiding,
The steamship's triumph bears his name, unfading !
Columbia helped to snatch old Neptune's scepter,—
And still her ardent youth, her ancient fame have
kept her !

Lo, these, though great, as stars their light con-
cealing,
Fade from two suns, their splendors now revealing,—
Illustrious JAY, and HAMILTON astounding,
With boyish pen a sage's lore confounding !
See Jay :—when Britain's wrath above us trembled,
His call this new world's Congress first assembled ;
His pen its voice expressed to Europe's millions,
Its message shaped to royalty's pavilions.
He gave this mighty state its law organic,
And held Spain friendly through all Europe's panic.
His voice, with Franklin, Adams, heard at Paris,
Bade carnage cease, and Peace with Freedom marry !
The first chief justice of the new-born nation,
He led great Marshall in that lofty station,
Chosen once more, to follow, but refusing,
To rule his Empire State, the rather, choosing ;—
Till, past his four-score years, man's rounded number,
The spotless sage and statesman sank to slumber,—

Revered,—beloved!—A Christian patriot stainless!
The Huguenot's pride,—rebuke of atheists brainless!

Ah, glorious Hamilton! What strains shall sing
thee!

What laurels new can thy Columbia bring thee!
From brainy Scotland's ancient earls descended,
With Huguenotic fires maternal blended,—
A genius born!—of tropic birth and fervor,—
Of vast ambition, yet ne'er time's base server.
In classic halls, old forms and trammels spurning,
His giant pace devoured the road to learning!
While gaping boobies whimpered for vacations,
This eagle boy grasped problems vexing nations!
Self-trained in war's dread arts, the cannon's rattle
Beheld him hero, in Long Island's battle!
When Washington,—brave Putnam's skill defeated,—
Salvation snatched from ruin, and retreated,—
All that tremendous night, while veteran valor
Quaked at the risk, and bronzed cheeks blanched
with pallor,
One steadfast soul, one eye unblenching, hovered
O'er all our rear, and every pathway covered,—
The rear-guard's awful task,—its brave commander
Columbia's nineteen-year-old Alexander!
Washington's Aid,—in Yorktown's glory sharer,—
In statecraft's toils his genius shone still rarer!

When Freedom sank to shame and degradation,
Bound by that rope of sand, "*Confederation*,"—
With scarce organic system or vitality,—
Mere protoplasmic jelly of nationality!—
Great Hamilton's pen, with Madison's united,
The sage, immortal "Federalist" indited!
Its one great thought of "Union," all-inspiring,
Wrought re-creative, all the chaos firing,
Till union came! The Constitution's pages,—
That wisest, mightiest charter of the ages!—
Flowed from the mind that wrought the consumma-
tion;—

What Washington made free, Hamilton made a na-
tion!

And died in making! by a viper bitten,
Whose venom'd head his matchless hand had smit-
ten!

So patriot LINCOLN, like Apollo slaying
The Python on a nation's vitals preying,—
Smit by his golden shafts, like sunbeams flying,—
Fell,—by th' expiring monster's venom dying!

Hail, now, the years of Peace!—'Neath her pro-
tection,
All hail COLUMBIA's glorious resurrection!
Her Easter birth from war's dire wounds and gashes!
Her Phœnix flight from desolation's ashes!

Then friends return,—the sons of freemen martyred;
And powers enlarged, by Freedom's senate char-
tered!

Then eager youth, once more her portals thronging,
Burn with those fires to patriot blood belonging!

Then worthies rise, a new-born generation,
Now blending with their sires in veneration;—
Our second Johnson, learned, our second founder,
Who framed our new Columbia broader, sounder;—
Great Clinton, statesman, ruler, legislator,—

Among the wisest, greatest, few were greater!

He toiled for science, schools, and education,
And gave the earth new streams for navigation!

Our Kent, and Betts, and Dwight, and Lieber's glory,
In law match Harvard's venerated Story!

Our classic Anthon's Greek, and Drisler's Latin,
Teach countless youth the tongues the Muses chat
in!

Our Davies' three-legged nothing's integration
Outsweeps sublimest winged imagination!

The mind leaps forth in logical ecstasies,
To dance the waltz of worlds with mathematics!

Lo, now, the ancient *Trivium* and *Quadrivium*,
Dissolved in modern Learning's vast lixivium!
All tongues, all literatures, all history, sifted;—
The glyptic seals from dateless ages lifted;—

Man's past and present searched through every nation ;—

All nature's mysteries ransacked, through creation ;—

Man's microscopic foes unmasks and raided ;—

Light's tell-tale beams from far-off worlds unbraided ;—

The records read, earth's rocky scrolls have treasured ;—

The glittering whirls of star-dust chased and measured ;—

The gulfs of light, th' abyss of sun-drifts, sounded,

Whose anthem through eternity has bounded ;—

The soul of man—the one thing living, seeing,

Whose tentacles whip this infinite sea of being,—

Its origin, nature, powers, and speculation,

Its birth sublime, its speechless destination,—

Its CAUSE, UNCAUSED unseen, yet all-beholding,

This universal frame creating, moulding,—

Where Reason, Thought, Philosophy, exploring,

Led on by *Faith*, fall prostrate and adoring,—

Such is the range of Learning's empire mighty—

Her modern *Cyclopædia Infinita* !

On such a height, to-day, Columbia standing

O'erlooks a realm unmeasured, still expanding !

The vast domain for Learning's conquests waiting,

The march of mind, this planet re-creating !

Columbia's Pisgah ! Canaan looms before her !—
The future's visions sweep prophetic o'er her !—
Around her throne her schools revolve in luster !—
Beneath her sway her grand alumni muster !—
The New World's vastest city boasts her honor,
And showers its gifts and benisons upon her !—
Her chairs are seats of sages ! All the forces
Of civilization swell her vast resources !
Her stately halls, a pile forever growing,
Attest her tide of treasure still o'erflowing !
Her ardent youth by thousands rise to meet her,
And unborn myriads stretch their hands to greet
her !

Time's grandest age around her booms and thun-
ders !

Before her dawn a grander century's wonders !
On God's great Word she stands; her seal, un-
broken,
Still speaks that truth by pious founders spoken ;—
Truth's central sun is God's self-revelation—
“ *In Thy great Light be our Illumination !* ”
On this broad rock, unchanging, everlasting,
The hopes, the scoffs, of doubt forever blasting,
She greets all creeds, all schools, all congregations,
All races mingling from remotest nations.
Her ancient liturgy, for ages cherished,—
Still chaunting on, while foes that scorned it per-
ished,—

She yet repeats; but hails, with friendly greeting,
Kirk, Quaker, Calvinist, or "Methodist meeting,"
The city-bred, the rudest backwoods ranger,
Gentile or Jew, the native and the stranger,
As brethren all; nor spits her spiteful spittle
At those who've *too much credo*, or *too little*!
Nor fears to scorn, howe'er proclaimed and vaunted,—

Howe'er by bards or dilettanti chaunted,—
That modern humbug, trumpeted and toasted,—
That most *illiberal fraud*,—as "*liberalism*" boasted!

But truce to-day! To-day Columbia gathers
Her hoary seers, and venerated fathers;
She calls her wanderers home; her schools and
sages;
Her youth, still conning o'er their classic pages;
Her merchants, bankers, senators, and statesmen;
Her millionaires, who stand old Plutus' gatesmen;
Her warriors, tried, who saved this glorious Union;
Her learned divines, from many a pure communion;
Her jurists, orators, physicians, writers,
Her bishops grave, whose lives adorn their miters;
Her guests from sister schools, a band Platonic,
Whose honors grace our league Amphictyonic,
From Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian orders,
Churches and States, throughout the nation's
borders!

Thus proud, of yore, thronged every Grecian nation
To crown their great Olympic celebration !
Thus gods and heroes, o'er the stadium gazing,
Set all the soul of Greece with glory blazing !
Nay, what were Grecian gods, those contests firing,
To these bright beams from beauty's soul, inspiring ?
Or what were Venuses, with foam to swim in,
To Freedom's cultured, pure, and queenly women ?

Hail, then, to-day, Columbia's glad Centennial !
And Hail, by faith, her far-off, great Millennial !
Blest be that day ! And though this chaplet humble
Shall long ere then to cold oblivion crumble,
Blest be the bard who then shall raise her pæan !
His be the fire to mount the empyrean,
And prove, while all the muses crown his wooing,
That Learning's glorious march brings not sweet
Song's undoing !

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Tune, "Austria."

Hail, Columbia! Alma Mater!
Queen of Learning, thron'd and crown'd!
Hail with shout, and song and gladness,
From thy sons who throng thee 'round!
Hail thy classic halls, whose arches
Echo back our joyous lay!
Hail thy portals, towers and temples,
On thy great centennial day!

Where Manhattan's myriads gather
'Twixt the Hudson and the sea,
With a continent behind her,
Home of millions great and free;
With an ocean spread before her,
Girt with kingdoms famed of yore,
There Columbia lifts her beacon,
Learning's lighthouse on the shore.

'Round her rolls the tide of commerce,
Where the paths of nations meet ;
Trade and science, art and empire,
Pour their tribute at her feet :
Old King's College with its memories
Rises from the storied past ;
Unborn ages beckon onward
To a future grand and vast.

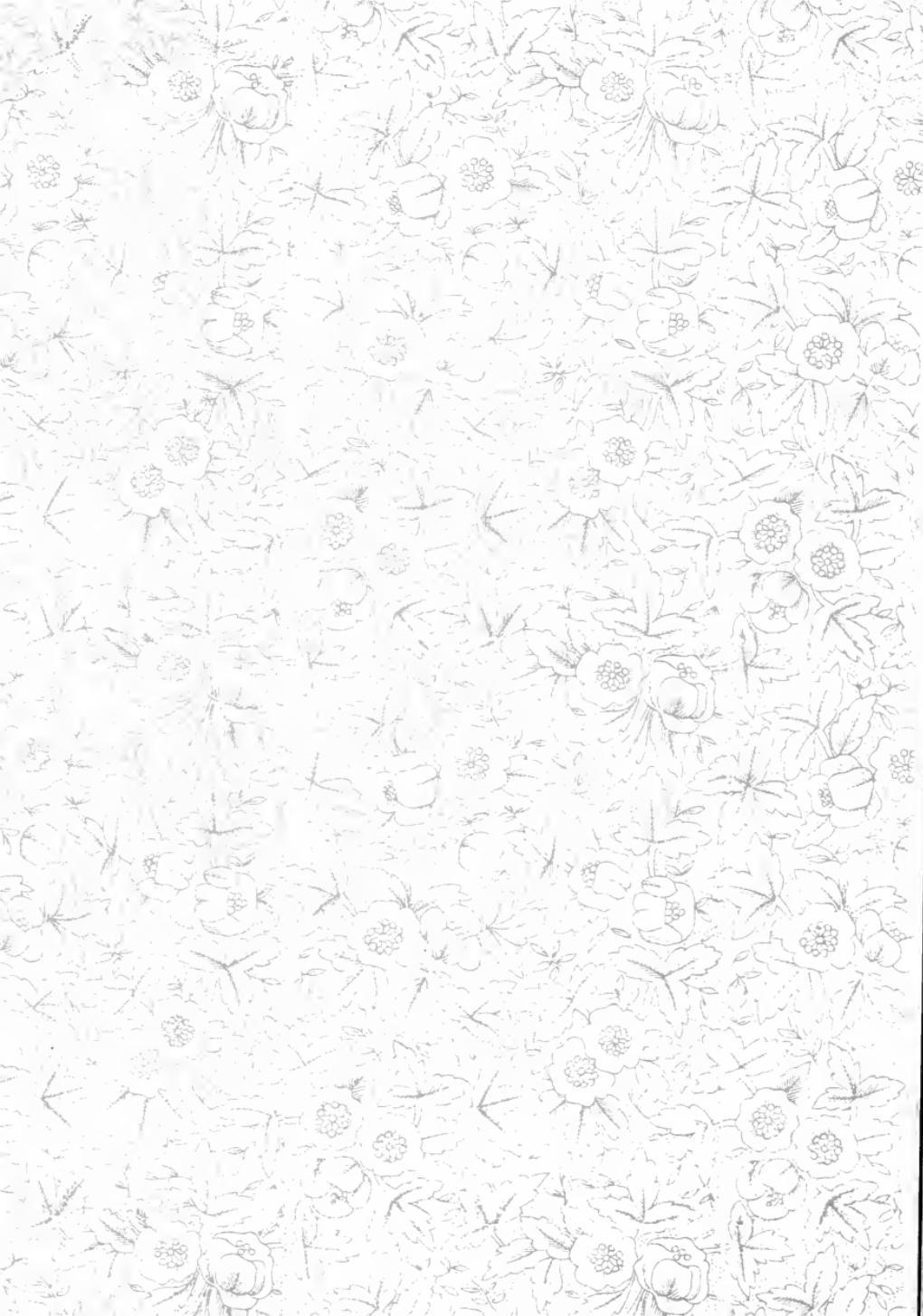
Hail, Columbia ! Alma Mater !
Graving on thy signet bright,
'Neath that Name, Truth's sun and centre,
" *In thy light shall we see light !*"
Ne'er that glorious legend perish !
Let thy sons, an endless line,
All thy ancient virtues cherish,
All thy founders' faith divine !

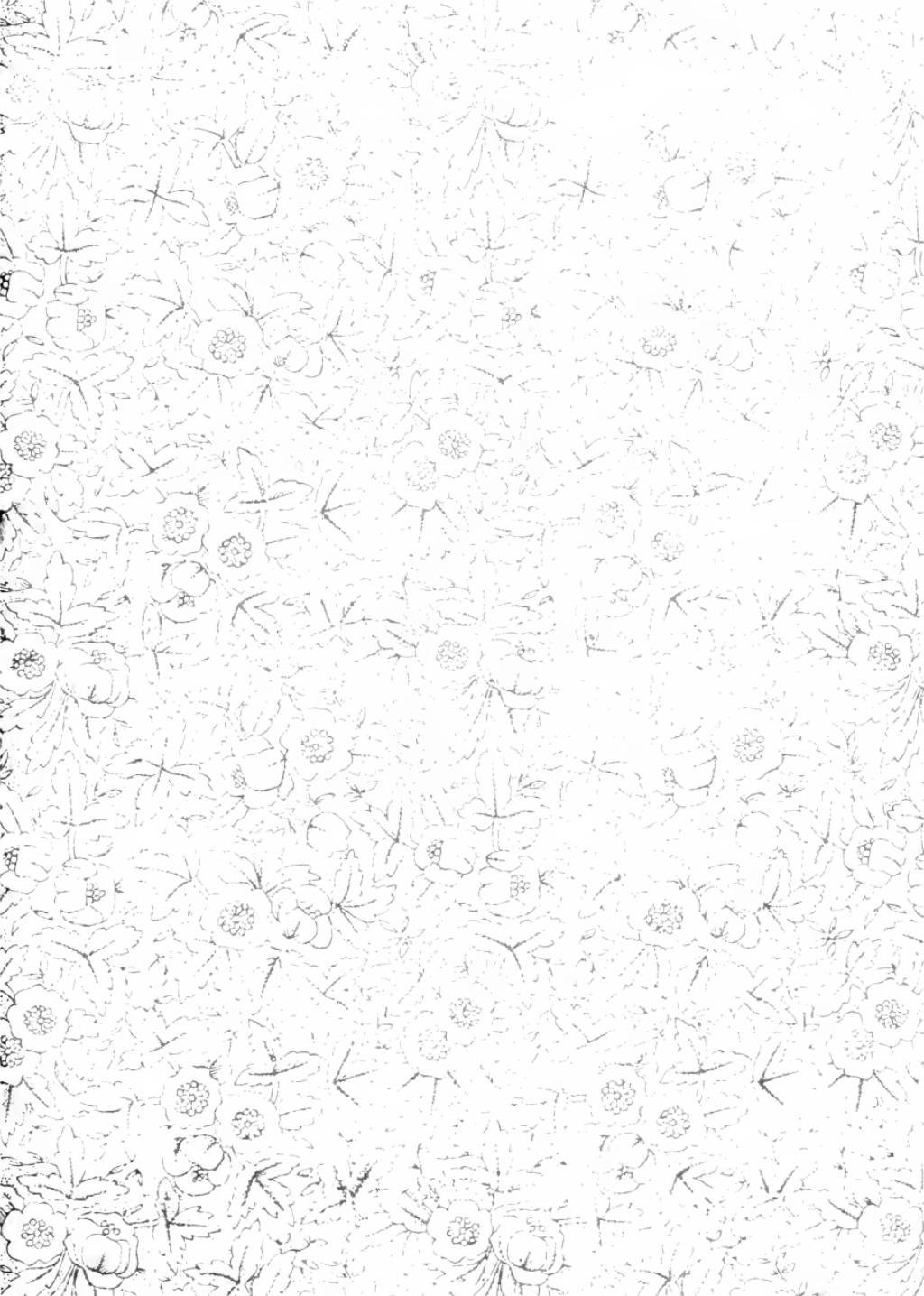
Hail, Columbia ! Alma Mater !
On thy proud centennial day !
Glad thank-offerings crown thy altars !
Blessings speed thee on thy way !
Heads must whiten, halls must crumble,
Classes, sages, centuries fly ;
But Columbia, bright Columbia,
Dear Columbia, shall not die.

G. L. T.









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